

A
P O E M
ON THE
Prince of Orange
HIS
EXPEDITION
AND
SUCCESS
IN
ENGLAND.

Written by Mr. R Y M E R.

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POP
ON

THE
LARGE

EXPEDITION

TO

IN

BY

AND

1858

P O E M.

THro' a Red Sea, from squallid bondage clear,
We trod a Wilderness long Forty year :
Till now a Nobler *Moses* shews at hand
Our so much promis'd *Magna Charta* Land.

Large were the Grapes, yet per'ous the pursuit ;
The Dragons fierce, that guard the goodly fruit.
What Mines, what Magazines of danger there ?
Hibernian Monsters muster'd from afar,
Enormous Giants, an unhallow'd Train,
Mighty in bulk, but with more Thumb than Brain ?
Whence Rules of Right, and Lines of Reason rais'd ;
All Natures bonds, and fence of Law laid waste,
And Violence on Violence were thrown,
And Hills did Hills prodigiously crown ;
Till Heaven, provok'd with insolent bravades,
Throws down their *Babel* on the Builders heads.

Now, Oh ! what vigour beats in every Vein,
With warm preface of a *Saturnian* Reign ?
Eternity a certain Round must go ;
So Spring and Fall ; So Matters ebb and flow,
And the great Wheel, one Revolution o're
Returns more bright, more polish'd than before.
Truth now no more in dismal Dungeon thrust,
Nor humane face press'd down to lick the dust.
The God-like Power, that now begins to reign,
New-casts the Slave, and stamps him Man agen.
Fraud crawls away to her dark Den below,
And Truth bears up with an erected brow.
No clog our look, nor meaner fears debase,
Fair Liberty now shines in every face.
For ugly Cheats in Equity or Law,
Pure Innocence and Faith without a flaw :
Ill Weed destroy'd, and every seed of Vice,
The World is now once more all Paradise.

Where late Prerogative, that Dragon-power,
Did every honest Privilege devour,

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And still some hot new Proclamations fear
~~Our sense, that we to them who speak, or hear :~~
~~Now all restor'd to blind, to deaf and dumb ;~~
 No Jew, but now owns the Messiah come.

But Oh ! what Genius rais'd his mind so high
 Above what mortal Contemplations try ;
 So Noble sight, no Time, no Ages shew,
 Trace all the Annals, either old or new .
 But leave the feebler strains of History,
 And on stretch'd wings let bold Invention fly,
 Then say the Man, the Hero, or the God,
 That in so brave, ~~so generous~~ path had trod.
 Not *Jason*, first who launch'd to foreign Coast ;
 Not *Hercules*, whom so various Nations boast ;
 Not *Phæbus*, when his shafts foul *Python* slew ;
 Nor *Jove* reveng'd on the *Titanian* crew.

Before he struck the hostile Forces broke,
 And his Commands were heard before He spoke.
 With operation, purely like the Sun,
 He shows his face, shines forth, and all is done,
 So quick, so fair, so mild his influence ;
 But touching *England*, in the way to *France*,
 That *Paris-Walls* may once again behold
 Our English Arms, so dreadful there of old.
 So *Bacchus*, in one marvellous Campaign,
 The *Indies* brought beneath his gentle Reign ;
 No blood he shed, nor labour'd to destroy,
 All rest secure, dissolv'd in Wine and Joy.
 The Conquer'd, like the Conquerors, all content,
 All pleas'd, all loud applauding as He went ;
 The savage kind, the Lynx, the Panther feels
 His power ; they skip, and lick his Chariot wheels.

Whom ever King the rescu'd Nations call,
 He truly reigns the Emperor of all,
 A King, a *Cæsar* faintly sound his Worth,
 'Tis *Orange* speaks the greatest Name on Earth.

But why those Troops, and formidable Meen ?
 Seas interpose an hideous Gulph between.
 Nor boots it how Confederate Friends inclin'd,
 With Land and Seas, He too must fix the Wind.
 Ah, 'tis not strange the Elements comply'd,
 He marches, God and Nature on his side :
 The God of Wonder waits his Destiny,
 Gives Horse and Foot their Canvas wings to fly.
 Not the Archangel against Hells black throng,
 So many wing'd Battalions led along :
 And ne're did War the like importance show
 With that in Heaven, and this achiev'd below.

FINIS.